

messing about in CALS

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messing about in BOATS

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OUR GUARANTEE: IF AT ANY TIME YOU DO NOT FEEL YOU ARE GETTING YOUR MONEY'S WORTH. JUST LET US KNOW, WE'LL RE-FUND YOU THE UNFULFILLED POR-TION OF YOUR SUBSCRIPTION

Our Next Issue...

Will mainly feature another round of designs and projects that have collected here, about ten in all of various boats an bits of gear. The featured ones are Jim Michalak's report on a season of sailing a "Birdwatcher", Tony Grove's tale of his daughter's first row in "Growltiger", Michael DeRidder's discussion of his 14' nesting yacht tender "Stowaway", and David Amenta's description of his family rowing "Simplicity Skiff". A second installment on those 1880 ice yachts will appear also. Several more adventure's afloat will be included; Sandy Brown's "Introduction to Boating" and David Mention's "Winter Paddle on Casco Bay". And Gail Ferris' "Arctic Adventure" continues.

On the Cover. . .

"A Day of Fun for the Working Fleet" describes the Boston Tugboat Muster held last summer but only now reported to us by our most enthusiastic tugboat fan, Hugh Ware. And Hugh adds a tugboat calendar review and a look at a New Zealand "water tractor" to boot.

Gommentary

In the December 1st issue on this page I commented on my speculations that the trend in boating publications to ever more costly forms of boats, and more consumer oriented editorial formats might indicate that there's not enough of us out here in boatland still interested in messing about in boats inexpensively to warrant a magazine that concerns itself with such modest interests. I pointed out that I am doing this because I enjoy it and feel there's a need for us to be able to communicate through the pages of "our own" magazine.

I also mentioned that the slow process it is building up a readership for this sort of non-commercial, non-consumer publication, per-haps indicates a lack of interest, and several readers took alarm at this as a sign of my impending abandonment of the effort. To allay thosé concerns, I have no intention of giving this up. I like it altogether too much, and, as I've said before, what else can a 60 year old lifetime self-employed misfit like me find to do?

The nub of my discussion was the still existing need to build up a paid subscriber list of adequate size to offer a reasonably predictable financial base for this thing that I do. That number is around 3,000, and I'm still several hundred short of it, after six years of slow growth. Anyone in serious publishing must laugh at this modest goal. But it's a figure I can live with until hyper-inflation occurs again, if it does.

Many of you gave us quite a boost over the holidays, with over 100 gift subscriptions coming in. Thank you for helping spread the word. Others have helped by sending us names of friends they think might be interested. We send each a sample copy hoping they will indeed be interested.

The problem is getting the potential new subscriber to know we exist and then getting him to look at a copy of the magazine to see if it does indeed talk to him. In this busy world, these are not simple achievements. Getting anyone's attention today is a major task, given the competing incessant media barrage. In order to just get along, we must tune out vast amounts of information that are pressed upon us, dismissing out of hand everything that appears to be of no direct import to us.

This happens with a boating periodical. Typically, the question is, "Who needs another boating magazine?". Already many get too many and cannot even read what comes in their mail. So our little magazine, which is definitely different, has to get past this barrier

with our small scale promotional efforts, it has to get opened and read to establish whether or not it is of more interest than perhaps some of those already being re-

A call came in from a man in Ohio. "Someone just gave me a copy of your January, 1986 issue," he said. "I love it, are you still publishing it?" Assured that I was, he then inquired as to getting a subscription, and another had discovered us and joined our little world. Someone gave him a two-year old copy! People hang onto them apparently. Why did he receive this old copy? Because he had some messing about ideas for a small boat, and so the old issue seemed maybe of some interest to

I've come to realize that you who already read and enjoy what we are doing are our best promot-ers. Referrals are the major source of new subscriptions. The other boating magazines are not successful media for getting to those who might like our version of a boating magazine. An example: Spectre has repeatedly given us en-thusiastic boosts in "Wooden Boat" in his "On the Waterfront" column. It reaches over 100,000 people who presumably have some interest in wooden boats. Yet, the response that reaches me is in the order of a dozen or so requests for sample copies. I'm pleased to fullfill these, yet must admit that it appears that readers of "Wooden Boat" are not potential readers of "Messing About in Boats".

All this elaboraton on the matter of circulation building is my way of trying to promote growth as we enter 1990, via your interest in us. Publishing a non-consumer magazine today that's not utterly dependent upon its advertisers requires a strong reader support. You have given this to us, and I hope many of you will continue to spread the word by handing around your issues or suggesting to me people you think might be interest-

The best part of acquiring new readers is not the \$20 that comes in from each, that's essential like food and water. It's the potential for new interesting stories that is included. Messing about in boats at our level is a far more fascinating and varied activity than the sterile consumerism that drives most major periodicals in any special interest field. People doing things, and not just buying and trying things, are bound to be far more interesting to read about. I think it's an open ended subject, one that will never run out of fascination.

"TUGBOATS & TOWBOATS"

Matt Lyons is a tugboat buff who evinces his interest by producing an unusual maritime calendar devoted entirely to these hard-working vessels. I have reviewed his calendars for the last few years and each has reflected growth. This year, even more people have supplied photos and he has made a break through, attracting commercial interest in the calendar. One towing company supplied a photo because they wanted to see a Great Lakes tug in this year's calendar. You'll find that photo decorating January. The "Chippewa" slides through ice floes, the curve of the white froth of the bow wave echoing the sweet sweep of her sheer, and both in consonance with the lines of the low deckhouses so typical of Great Lakes tugs. An attractive conversion of an old steam-powered tug.

Another tug's picture was also supplied by a commercial firm, and what a different tug she is! The name is homely, prosaic, but the "Betty Wood" isn't. The tugboat for September is shown sliding along doing her thing, which is being the stern half of an integrated tug/barge rig. Two of Tampa's bridges fill the horizon line in this photo, taken from the air (or from another bridge?) and a small tug is pushing a crane barge in the background. These keep her size from being apparent at first look. But, she is one-hundred-fifty feet long and uses her seven-thousand-two-hundred horsepower to move the thirty-eight thous-and ton coal barge "Marie Flood". They form one of the biggest integrated tows in the business.

In sharp contrast is a Rhode Island tug that readers of "Messing About in Boats" may remember, our press boat for several Tugboat Musters in Boston harbor. The featured tug for November, "Harbor Hobo" is not big, thirty-something feet long. She has an interesting history, as so many tugs do. She was lovingly built by an electrician as a showplace for an antique Kahlenberg diesel, a wonderful piece of machinery, all machined steel and brass, with sight cups for oiling criticl bearings. All of that has gone now, replaced by a more practical GM engine (and that may soon be replaced by another engine under the stern deck turn-

WINTER READING

ing the screw through a V-drive to provide more cabin room). "Harbor Hobo" is not a working tug, although she is of a useful size and power, but sometimes serves to carry one of her owners in his work as a marine surveyor between Rhode Island's far-scattered boatyards, and provides recreation for her other owner when he is home on leave from the battleship "New Jersey".

Another tug to be seen in Boston Harbor is March's "Hercules" in the pleasing buff-and-red stripes with black hull that are the house colors of Boston Fuel Transportation. She looks newly painted. as do all of the BFT fleet at all times. Her paint makes a sharp contrast with the sea-worn red hull of the Gulf tanker on her hip. The back half of another BFT tug protrudes beyond the tanker's stern. and they are carefully working her up narrow, winding Chelsea Creek. A brisk wind complicates the job. As soon as they get the tanker lined up and with some way on her, the "Hercules" will have to cast off and hurry forward; a bridge, unseen in the photo but just ahead, is too narrow for both of them at the same time.

I have gotten the impression, perhaps erroneous, from Matt's calendars, that west coast tugs are more gaily painted, and this year's calendar provides more ammunition for this opinion. April's tug has a black hull, a chrome yellow lower deck house edged in a medium blue, and a white pilot house, whose visor and the short rectangular stacks are painted in the same medium blue. Not too bad so far, in fact, very trim. But the decks and the top of the lower superstructure seem to be painted in purple! This may be a product of the green sea and the green woods in the background and the printing processes, and so forth, and the color may actually be a warm red-lead red, but it looks purple, and that's too much! The tug is the "Westrac", and one is not thus too surprised to find she is a member of that growing group of tugs known as

"water tractors", which use one or more propellors under the center of the hull.

July actually shows three tugs, but the tug in the foreground, the "Turecamo Girls" is the working tug at its best. She has casually sheered up to her docking place so that it is an easy step onto the wharf, and is secured by a line or two. You feel that the pilothouse radio will crackle any moment with orders for her next ion.

June has "Kathryn B". She's a not-unusual river pushboat except for her pilot house on stilts so her pilot can look over containers piled three high on the barges ahead; the containers are full of products from, or going to, Japan. The tow is making steady progress through truly spectacular scenery along the Columbia River.

Another river towboat, a cool looking white and black unit. pushes a mixed tow of covered and coal barges between snowy banks on the Cumberland River (on the rivers, it's a "tow" although the barges are pushed). This is a chilling yet appropriate illustration for December, but her name provides a warming humor, she is named "Rusty Flowers"! The humor is perversely heightened when one learns from the notes at the back of the calendar that her then owner was Flowers Transportation and the name apparently was not intended to be poetic or whimsical. In any case, the "Rusty Flowers" will warm my heart next winter.

I keep the current "Tugboats & Towboats" calendar in my office. and use it for appointments. More importantly, I regularly use it to escape for a moment into that month's picture. I find myself in a different part of the country, watching REAL work being done in the REAL world. Then I re-enter MY world, refreshed and ready again to face up to its demands. Whatever the reason, this year's "Tugboats & Towboats" is for anyone who loves good workboats. Buy it if only to encourage Matt in his work; after all, he's not making big bucks at this and he advertises in "Boats", so he's one of us. This 1990 calendar is worth the \$8.95 (including postage and handling) from Harbor Images, P.O. Box 1176, Richland, WA 99352.

Review by Hugh Ware.







CORRECTION

The piece entitled "The Nature Conservancy Islands" in the October 15th issue of this magazine was not written as an article for this magazine, but was an edited reprint of a letter from the Maine Chapter of the Nature Conservancy to the members of the Maine Island Trail Association".

Requested by Julie S. Henderson, Associate Director of Science & Stewardship, Maine Chapter, The Nature Conservancy, Topsham, ME.

OLD BOATHOUSE STILL THERE

I was reading John Gardner on "Building Classic Small Craft" and noted on page 201 that he mentioned that H.V. Partelow had a boat livery on the Charles at Riverside Station in Auburndale, Massachusetts. If it is the place I think it is, it is still there and may still contain a number of old canness.

During World War II, a class-mate of mine at Warren Junior High School was asked to look after the place while the owner went to war. I helped him with what little business came along and he, in turn, let me keep my Dedham kit kayak at the livery. There were some beautiful boats in there, many were decked, with velvet upholstered interiors.

The building was still there last year. It is on the east side of the Charles just upstream from the Cottage Farm Bridge and just downstream from a granite viaduct or railroad bridge. I am a long way from there now but maybe you or one of your readers might want to check it out.

Richard Hutchins, Crisfield, MD.

HUGO HIT US HARD

Hurricane Hugo really battered the Virgin Islands in mid-September, over 800 boats sunk/destroyed/badly damaged. I was lucky with my old "Tumbleweed" and just got battered and bruised a bit. But I did lose a lovely 18' lapstrake launch. So everyone down here is busy cleaning up, repairing, rebuilding, trying to salvage some sort of winter tourist season.

Many thanks for your review of my book ("The Caribbean on \$5 a Day", November 1st). It brought in a number of orders so this old sea gypsy gets a bit more time here in paradise.

Fritz Seyfarth, St., Thomas, VI.

AMAZING AMOUNT OF BOATING

The 100 back issues of "Boats" arrived! Thanks. An amazing amount of boating occurs in your cold climate!. Enjoyed the recent article on the "San Francisco Pelican", I sail one, my only boat at present. Also saw my friend Greg McMillan kayaking in Baja in the January 15, 1989 issue.

Roger Wilson, Palo Alto, CA



your ommentary

NAUTICAL FLEA MARKET

Your recent issue asked for comments about the idea of a nautical flea market. YES, absolutely! It seems to me this is long overdue. A local yacht club used to make a faint-hearted attempt years ago, which I enjoyed, but it was poorly organized with little notice to those not members.

I can envision an undertaking which might include individuals with items for sale, tables sponsored by yacht clubs, etc. I could personally make use of such an event to clean out my cellar and attic of old horshoe buoys, bronze thimbles, genoa track, a port running light, two Boston Whaler stern light posts, and other important stuff which just seems too useful to (heaven forbid) throw out. Maybe even that old beloved six foot Atlantic Laminates dinghy with its correspondingly short oars.

I am sure the Portsmouth area would be a great gathering place and that such an event would be a great success.

Pete Worrell, Portsmouth, NH.

TWO RECORDS SET

Two records were set today. On December 5th I received my December 1st issue. That has to be a record short time for—delivery. But, my November 15th issue has not come. I did manage to not write to you about this until the next issue arrived, as you suggested.

I have received two inquiries from readers in Delaware and Texas about my paddles which you mentioned in the August 1st issue. Thanks again for a neat rag and keep it coming. Sorry to bother you about that missing issue but I need my "Messing About" fix!

Gene Galipeau, Seattle, WA.

AMAZED

Here's my renewal. Keep up the great work, I'm amazed at how many interesting things you can come up with.

Peter Keyes, New York, NY.

MORE ON A NAUTICAL FLEA MARKET

Like you, I traveled from Boston to Peter Duff's yard sale. I must have beaten you to it because I also managed to get all the good stuff, although I spent more than \$35. A great little stove (solid fuel) for \$75; a bronze winch for \$15; a 1925 Johnson 2hp outboard in a box for free! What a trip!

I have a lot of hand tools that I would sell/swap at such a nautical flea market. Do organize such a

Peter Haney, Brookline, MA.

YET MORE ON A NAUTICAL FLEA MARKET

In May of 1989, the Noank Wooden Boat Association held a profitable nautical flea market and hope to hold another two-day event this coming summer. Interested persons can contact Susan Hurley, P.O. Box 330, W. Mystic, CT 06388 for details.

Holt Vibber, Waterford, CT.

THE FIRST STRETCH LIGHT DORY

As executive director of Camp Dimension in Wilmington, Delaware, I beg to differ with the item on Bolger's stretched light dory in the December 1st issue. The article refers to it as "the first one to be built". Actually, it could be the fourth one to be built. In your September 15th issue, you published the article, "Student Boatbuilders Take a New Tack and Tape" which reported on launching on June 7th of a Bolger stretched light dory built by students at the Sterck School for the Hearing Impaired in Newark, Delaware for our Camp Dimension. Since that time our summer program for Wilmington inner city youth built two more.

It's a versatile boat, rows single, double and double with passenger, and we have car topped it.

Thomas Colgan, Wilmington,



TRIP OF A DECADE

All of us from the Pacific northwest who were on the fall tour of New England maritime museums agree it was the trip of the decade. Excellent weather, hospitable people and lots of boats. The highlight, if there could be only one,

was our two day stay at Mystic aboard the "Joseph Conrad". An enjoyable and restful time was also spent at "Wooden Boat" magazine's headquarters, where Jon Wilson spent half a day with us and also arranged for us to stay over at the boatbuilding school farmhouse.

The photo was taken in Gloucester. You might notice that most of us look, well, retired (the young guy is our bus driver). Being retired gives us more time to be boat crazy.

I continue to work with a group of volunteers at the Oregon Historical Society, building the second of two historical reproductions of small boats. The first was what is believed to be the jolly boat attending the "Columbia Rediviva" when she became the first non-Indian vessel to cross the bar of the "Great River of the West" in May, 1792. The boat underway now is a Spanish launch complete with anchor pulling windlass and swivel gun. Both are lapstrake craft designed by master boat builder Greg Foster of British Columbia. The third boat is scheduled for construction in the spring. It will be a British gig. All three boats will be used in the 1992 celebration of the discovery of the new world.

We enjoy your publication out here, as we found it pitched towards our interests in small boats. We have just formed a local TSCA chapter here in the Portland (OR) area.

Bob Young, Lake Oswego, OR.

CLEARLY INTERESTED

As a brand new subscriber I was a bit nonplused by your comments in the December 1st issue about whether or not there are enough of us out here to support a magazine like yours. You are right about the shifting focus in "Wooden Boat" and "Small Boat Journal", but I believe there is a niche for a publication for those of us who mess about. Maybe you need to borrow from a commercial for California almond growers and say to your subscribers, "Just find me one new subscriber a year, that's all I ask."

As a contribution in this direction I enclose a gift subscription for a close friend who has joined me in recent years building rigs for four sailing canoes (one a lateen ketch), a stretched Bolger "Teal" and a Bolger "Eek". Right now we are working on compact collapsible sailing rigs for our sea kayaks. Other projects are in the works.

Clearly we're interested in your efforts. Please let me know about your requirements for articles.

Graeme Sackrison, Lacey, WA

SOMETIMES A LITLE OFFBEAT

Here's my renewal, I look forward to another year of "Messing About". I never know just what you're going to come up with next, but I can be sure it will be interesting. Sometimes a little offbeat, but always interesting.

John Kennedy, Lunenburg, MA.

SAILING A "SADDLELIGHT

I love to sail and presently have two 14' sailboats, a 1980 "Mutineer" and one I just bought that I'll bet you've never heard of, a 1957 "Saddlelight". I bought this one because I can raise the mast on it myself (my wife is not as enthusiastic about sailing as I am). It is light enough for me to launch it from a beach, helpful as I'm tired of paying the ramp fees charged around here in New Jersey.

When I got the "Saddlelight" home, I wondered about the empty gallon milk jug tied to the top of the mast. I cut it off. Then when I took her out for the first time, I went over for the first time in 14 years of sailing! I couldn't right the boat because the mast was stuck in the mud of the Tom's River. Now I know what that jug was for!

I've sailed her several times since with a mast and rig off a 14' "Snark". As soon as the warm weather comes and the water is warmer, I'll try her original mast and rig again. She goes pretty good with it if I can just learn how to keep her upright!

I hope you sell that "Townie" sloop soon, after reading all those stories by Tom about sailing in his "Townie", with all his great illustrations, I'm tempted to come up and get it. I'm not very handy with wood, but I'll soon retire and will then have plenty of time to learn.

Richard Bridge, Avon, NJ.

A SIMPLER PROA

I see someone beat me to the punch regarding the proa design I was planning to send in ("Boats" November 15th). Also Phil Bolger has one in "SBJ". Mine is simpler than Phil's and different than either his or Don Betts'. You didn't have much information with the article in November, looks like stitch and glue? Very close to the melanesian originals, though, I'm envious of that. I liked Bolger's solution to the steering and lateral plane. Also I liked his sail, hi-tech and with fewer strings to pull. Easier to single-hand. Well this inspires me to finish my working drawings and get mine built.

John Benton, Corpus Christi,

PEOPLE READ THE ADS

I should tell you, people really read the ads in "Messing About in Boats", about half of my correspondence about the old boat plans I have been advertising has come from your readers.

Right now, though, I'm pulling my ad as I'm taking the winter off and sort of doing a regroup. If I decide to resume the plans service later on, you'll be the first to know.

E.G. Ragsdale, Westlake, OR.

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HAPPENINGS

TOY BOATS AT MYSTIC

An unparalleled collection of over 100 toy boats, half of them from the "Forbes" magazine collection from the "Golden Age of Toys", 1870 to 1910, is now on display at the R.J. Schaefer Gallery at Mystic Seaport. The exhibit runs through April 1st. Regular Museum admission includes this special exhibit. Winter hours are 9 a.m.to 4 p.m. seven days a week.

WOODEN BOAT SCHOOL IN THE CARIBBEAN

Wooden Boat School has scheduled several courses this winter aboard sailing vessels in the Virgin Islands with cruising boat seamanship and navigation the main educational themes, on the 50' "Mary Harrigan" and the 112' "Roseway". One and two week courses are scheduled into April, there's still time to sign up.

In April, a west coast campus will be set up at the Maritime Historic Park in San Francisco to teach building the Nutshell Prain

and the DK-14 kayak.

A nice brochure is available for the asking from Bernice Palumbo, Wooden Boat School, P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616, (207) 359-4651, Mon-Thurs., 7:30-5:30.

MORE BOATBUILDING COURSES IN SAN FRANCISCO

A brochure detailing a number of boatbuilding courses to be offered at the Maritime National Historic Park in San Francisco was sent to us by reader Charlie Audet of Sacramento. About ten different courses on traditional boatbuilding are scheduled throughout the year. If readers we are gaining in that area want a copy, request "Boatbuilding Workshops & Classes, 1990" from the San Francisco Maritime National Historic Park, Fort Mason, Bldg. 201, San Francisco, CA 94123.

"PADDLESPORT 1990"

The Jersey Paddler and Wildwater Designs, in cooperation with local paddling clubs, will host "Paddlesport 1990" at the Ramada Inn on Rt. 1 in Princeton, New Jersey on Saturday, February 25th, from 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. The all-day affair offers something for both novice and experienced paddlers; equipment selection, trip planning, water safety, latest designs, ocean kayaking, river rescue, canoe repair, photography. Paddling films and slide shows will run continuously. Area dealers and club representatives will also be in attendance. Admission is \$5. Information from the Jersey Paddler, (201) 458-5777.

SNOW ROW

Ed McCabe reports that the Annual Snow Row will be earlier this year, on February 17th, starting at 10 a.m. with a series of match races, followed by some short sprints, and concluding with the traditional three miles plus Snow Row itself. Details from Ed at (617) 925-4826.

BUDGET BOAT BUILDING COURSE

The spring course on building the "Jawbone Kayak", Zu Freeman's budget small boat project for anyone who ever thought he'd like to try building a boat, is scheduled to begin on March 3rd at Middlesex Community College in Burlington, Massachusetts. The 8 week course costs \$69. Details and registration information from the College at (617) 272-3331, or from Zu Freeman at (617) 438-0835.

MINUTEMAN MODEL YACHT CLUB

Two winter meetings for those interested in radio-controlled model yacht racing and operating scale models are scheduled at the Charles River Workshop on Militia Heights in Needham, Massachusetts.

February 12. Electric powered racing, Tom Turchon, (508) 376-8614.

March 12. Operating scale show and tell, Bob Okerholm, (617) 784-7313.

For details on joining the MMYC, contact Membership Secretary Jack Sullivan at (508) 668-7168.

BOAT BUILDING COURSE

Whittier Regional Vocational Technical Institute in Haverhill, Massachusetts, has a boatbuilding course scheduled to commence on January 23rd, if a dozen pre-paid students have registered by that time. This announcement is quite late, but if you are interested you should look into it. The fee for the 60 hour course, held twice a week evenings for three hours each, is \$90 (\$80 for anyone living within the Vo-Tech school district, northern Essex County). Should the class not be filled, all registration fees will be returned in full. For registration information call Kevin Horgan or Dottie Collett at (508) 373-4101 or stop by at Whittier Vo-Tech, 115 Amesbury Line Rd., Haverhill, MA 01830.

MOUNT DORA ANTIQUE BOAT FESTIVAL

The Third Annual Mount Dora Antique Boat Festival is scheduled for March 29th through April 1st at Palm Island on Lake Dora, Florida. Inquiries should go to the Mount Dora Chamber of Commerce, P.O. Box 196, Mount Dora, FL 32757. SHIP MODEL SHOW

The U.S.S. Constitution Model Shipwright Guild of New England will host its 11th annual guild show February 10th through March 11th at the Constitution Museum in the Navy Yard in Charlestown, Massachusetts. A variety of types of model ships and several levels of modelmaking skills are provided for. If you wish to enter a model you have built, contact Eduardo Arini, 58a Gordon St., Somerville, MA 02144, (617) 776-8359 for an entry application. The models will be on public display during the Museum's regular hours.

12 WEEK CANOE BUILDING & RE-STORATION WORKSHOP

The Arts Center in Old Forge, NY in the heart of the Adirondack paddling country, is sponsoring a 12 week workshop run by area canoe builder/restorer Mike Hanna of Alder Creek Boatworks, which will focus on building and restoring traditional wood/canvas canoes. Mike has arranged a flexible format to work with the special interests of participants. The workshop will run every Saturday from January 6th through March 31st and Tuesday evenings also. The Arts Center, Box 1144, Old Forge, NY 13420, (315) 369-6411, 12-4 daily.

SAFETY AT SEA SEMINAR

The United States Naval Academy Sailing Squadron and the Sail Annapolis Committee of the Greater Annapolis Chamber of Commerce will host a Safety at Sea seminar March 31st and April 1st at the Naval Academy in Annapolis, MD. This is aimed at offshore sailors, experienced or hopefuls. Tickets at \$40 will be available on January 15th. Contact SAS Registration, Greater Annapolis Chamber of Commerce, 6 Dock St., Annapolis, MD 21401, (301) 268-7676.

YACHTING SYMPOSIUM

Pre and Post War Yachting will be the subject of Mystic Seaport's Third Annual Yachting Ilistory Symposium to take place March 16-18. A special feature will be Elizabeth Meyer's slide presentation on restoring her J-boat "Endeavor II". Other speakers include Jon Wilson, Stanley Rosenfeld, John Rousmaniere, Lewellyn Howland, John Rybovich and Bruce Kirby. Contact Peter Vermilya, Mystic Seaport, P.C. Box 6000, Mystic, CT 06355-0990, (203) 572-0711, ext. 319.

NORTH AMERICAN SMALL BOAT SHOW

Early warning for the 1990 North American Small Boat Show to be held May 18-20 at the Newport Yachting Center in Newport, RI, has been received. Interested persons should contact Brad Buck at (401) 846-1600.

MAINE MARITIME MUSEUM WINTER PROGRAMS

The Maine Maritime Museum in Bath, ME, offers the following winter lectures and workshops:

January 16. "The People Who Came to Settle the Kennebec".

January 20. "Recanvassing Canoes", workshop with Rollin Thurlow in the Apprenticeshop.

February 12. The Economic Impact of the Kennebec, Then and Now".

February 21. "A Sky Bristling with Electrons".

February 21-22. "Marine Carving", workshop with Gregg Fisher in the Apprenticeshop.

March 3. "Surveying" workshop with Sam Slaymaker in the Apprenticeshop.

March 7. "A Trip to Remem-

March 13. "The Future of the Kennebec".

March 21-22. "Half Hull Modeling" workshop with Arno Day in the Apprenticeshop.

April 14. "Caulking" workshop with John Mariato in the Apprenticeshop.

April 18. "A 'View of the Maine Coast as Seen by Her Artists".

May 9. "A Trip Through the Archives".

Continuing daily exhibits include the following: A Maritime History of Maine; Family Fleets; The Building of a Wooden Ship; Lobstering and the Maine Coast.

The Museum is open daily 9:30-5 except on major holidays. Details on the winter programs are available on request from the Maine Maritime Museum, 243 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530, (207) 443-1316.

LINESTAKING & DRAFTING WORK-SHOPS

The Museum Small Craft Association will host a series of three-day workshops for persons interested in learning how to take off lines and draft them, in May, June and July. These begin at Mystic Seaport Museum May 11-13 and conclude at the Maniwitoc Maritime Museum in Wisconsin July 27-29, with other locations in Beaufort, NC; San Francisco, CA; Seattle, WA; and Thibodeau, LA. For detailed outline of the course program and locations, contact Paul Lipke, 4A Winslow St., Plymouth, MA 02360, (508) 747-0104.

U.S. COAST GUARD SHIP MODEL EXHIBITION

The Custom House Museum in Newburyport, MA, has a 1990 exhibition planned of ship models of U.S. Coast Guard vessels, and interested ship modelers are invited to participate. Custom House Museum, 25 Water St., Newburyport, MA 01950, (508) 462-8681.

NOANK WOODEN BOAT SEMINARS

The Noank Wooden Boat Association will host a series of monthly seminars at the Noank firehouse in Noank, Connecticut throughout the spring. Public admission for non-members is \$3 per seminar. All start at 7:30 p.m.

February 7. General Issues of Safety Afloat with Lt. Scott Graham, U.S.C.G.

March 7. Crewing on America's Cup Defender "Courageous" with Mike Buonvino.

April 4. Small Boat Racing Tactics with Tom Bragdon, U.S.C.G. Academy sailing coach.

May 2. Spring Outfitting with Alastair Smith of International Paint Co.

For details, contact Jack Vibber at (203) 442-7376. Membership applications are now being taken from interested wooden boat owners.

DORY'S AT MYSTIC '90

The 1990 Small Craft Workshop at Mystic Seaport Museum, to be held the first weekend in June, will celebrate the coming of age of the annual gathering, its 21st anniversary, with attention on the work of John Gardner, in particular centered on the dory and its variants. Small Craft curator Ben Fuller asks, "How many Gardner boats can we gather together on the weekend of June 2-3, 1990? at Mystic Seaport? Owners and builders of dories of all sorts are invited to contact Ben Fuller, Mystic Seaport Museum, P.O. Box 6000, Mystic, CT 06355-0990.

OPERATION SAIL 1992

It's two years away but already the planning goes on for the big 1992 celebration of tall ships commemorating the 500th anniversary of Columbus' discovery of this continent on which we now live. "Sea History", the quarterly journal of the National Maritime Historical Society, launches the early publicity in its Winter 1989-90 issue now available, with a look back over the 25 years of Operation Sail and how far it has come in reviving interest in tall ships. Today twice as many sail training ships are afloat as were back in 1964 when this all began as a salute to a vanishing breed of historic ships. Information from Michelle Shuster, National Maritime Historical Society, 132 Maple St. Croton-on-Hudson, NY 10520, (914) 271-2177.

SUMMER ANTIQUE MEET

The Adirondack Chapter of the Antique & Classic Boat Society wants readers to know now that their 1990 17th Annual Show will take place on Lake George in the Adirondacks on August 25th. Make your vacation plans now. Information from Cookie Melrose, P.O. Box 82, Ticonderoga, NY 12883, (518) 585-6472 after 5 p.m.

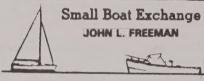


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THE LANDING SCHOOL

P.O. Box 1490 M Kennebunkport, Maine 04046 (207) 985-7976 MARITIME HISTORY AT MYSTIC

The Ninth Annual Symposium on Southern New England Maritime llistory was held at Mystic Seaport Museum on November 11th. One focus was on the often neglected subject of women's roles in maritime history. Richard C. Malley recounted the experiences and perceptive observations of Mary Stark. a shipmaster's wife living aboard the whaler "Hoxie" at Honolulu in 1855, recorded in letters to her daughter in Connecticut. And William Fowler, editor of the "New England Quarterly" told the remarkable story of five Roman Catholic nuns who served as Union nurses aboard a steamboat used as a floating hospital on the lower reaches of the Mississippi during the Civil War.

A subject closer to southern New England was presented by Lawrence Allin, who discussed the diplomatic and technical problems involved in the construction and sale to Spain of 15 gunboats in 1869, built just down the Mystic River from the Symposium site.

John Phelan, who is an interpreter for the Seaport's cooperage exhibit, briefly spoke of the roles of craftsmen affiliated with maritime enterprise during the age of sail before spending the bulk of his allotted time knocking together a barrel with most Symposium participants gathered around him like kids at a campfire.

The most controversial paper was the final one of a rather long day presented by William Dunne and Henry Silka, entitled, "Howard I Chapelle, R.I.P. Where Do We Go From Here?" The thrust of this paper was that Chapelle had occasionally blundered as a naval historian, owing to casual or careless research methods and unfamiliarity with rebuilding techniques and ship timbers. Most disturbing to the audience was the suggestion that Chapelle may have faked his findings and relied on reputation and bluster to defend his views when they were questioned. As a half-century has gone by without any "revisionism" of Chapalle, speaker Dunne insisted this was the point of his attack. There followed the usual lament upon the deplorable state of maritime history.

Jim Lacey, Willimantic, CT.

Capt. Pete Culler's Plans

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HISTORIC SHIPS TRAVEL PROGRAM

The National Maritime Historical Society has organized a different sort of "cruise ship" program for 1990, involving several unique vessels on which you can enjoy cruises in the Caribbean this winter and in New England, the Erie Canal, and the Mediterranean this summer. The ships are: The 359' square rigger "Sea Cloud", built in 1930: the 95' "Harvey Gamage", a replica of an 1860 packet schooner; the 64' "Providence", a full-scale reproduction of a Revolutionary War fighting ship; and selected canal barges on the Erie Canal. The full details may be obtained from Dirigo Cruises, 39 Waterside Ln., Clinton, CT 06413, (800) 845-5520 or (203) 669-7068.

NOBSKA MOVES AHEAD

1990 brings new promise to the ongoing restoration project on the old Fall River Lines steamship "Nobska", now in Fall River, moored near Battleship Cove. A recent survey by Captain Herbert Bennett, recently retired from the Marine Inspection Office of the U.S. Coast Guard, has pronounced restoration of "Nobska" to be possible and feasible. The acquisition of "Nobska's" blueprints and plans from the Woods Hole, Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket Steamship Authority makes this work now a reality.

What is needed, as always, is funding. The 250 members of the Friends of "Nobska" are being asked to upgrade their membership categories for 1990, and new members are earnestly solicited, people who feel saving this genuine old steamship with its still useable steam engine in place is worthwhile. Inquire of Friends of "Nobska", P.O. Box J-4097, New Bedford, MA 02741, (401) 434-6274.

RUSS ISLAND ACQUIRED

Last July the Island Institute acquired Russ Island in the Deer Island Thorofare off Stonington, ME. The 50 acre island is located in the heart of the most spectacular island scenery in New England and is now available to members of the Maine Island Trail Association for picnicking and camping. There's a price, though. The owners donated one-half of the island's appraised value of \$500,000, but the Island Institute must pay off the other \$250,000 over the next five years at \$50,000 per annum.

Persons with an interest in the future of public access to the lovely islands of the Maine coast are invited to help out this venture by making a contribution to the Russ Island Acquisition Fund. You can send your contribution to the Island Institute, 60 Ocean St.,

Rockland, ME 04841.

ADOPT A STREAM PROGRAM

Despite budget cuts caused by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts' current fiscal crisis, the Riverways program of the Department of Fisheries. Wildlife and Environmental Law Enforcement has been soldiering on. One major program is the continuing development of citizen volunteer group involvement in the "Adopt a Stream" program. As of November, 1989, 46 citizen groups had adopted rivers, streams or sections of rivers. They are active on 26 different rivers in 18 different watersheds. Essentially the volunteer groups monitor local river conditions and existing and potential threats of river degradation, and organize volunteer cleanup and river maintenance efforts. Another 25 groups are lined up for adopting further streams in 1990. If you are interested in this program as a way of protecting or improving small boating opportunities on the state's rivers and streams, send for a copy of the "Riverways Newsletter", Dept. of Fisheries, Wildlife & Environmental Law Enforcement, 100 Cambridge St., Rm. 1901, Boston. MA 02202, (617) 727-6278.

Riverways is seeking interns to help with its projects part time, 10 to 20 hours a week. Call Maria or Judy at (617) 727-6278 for further particulars.

BECOME A SOUTH STREET TOUR GUIDE

South Street Seaport in New York city invites interested persons to volunteer to serve two half-days a week as guides for the public and school children. A variety of benefits is offered to those accepting these roles, including a free six-week training program. Training begins February 20th, but volunteers must sign up in advance. Contact Patricia Sands or Kathleen Condon at (212) 669-9400, Monday - Friday, 9-5.

HISTORIC CANOE & KAYAK ASSO-CIATION

British enthusiasts for old time canoes and kayaks organized a rally last October 1st and over 40 boats turned out. So this has encouraged the formation of the Historic Canpe & Kayak Association, e/o Jane Turner, 12 Low Town, Kirkburton, Huddersfield, W. Yorkshire HD8 OSD, England. U.S. enthusiasts are invited to inquire into membership.

OPERATING SCALE MODEL NATIONAL ASSOCIATION

Anyone interested in building and using radio-controlled operating scale ship models might want to look into the national group formed to promote this acivity. Contact Ann Hampton, Scale Ship Modellers Association of North America, 5218 Laurel Hall Dr., Indianapolis, IN 46226.

SOCIETY OF BOAT & YACHT DESIGNERS

The Society of Boat & Yacht Designers was organized in 1988 to bring together designers, boatbuilders, engineers, surveyors and others interested in the design and construction of small craft. Their first annual journal, "The Sextant" has been published featuring papers given at Society meetings, papers on sailmaking fishing vessel stability, marine electrical systems, fiberglass blistering, computer-aided design, radio-controlled model testing and skin friction reduction techniques.

Membership in the Society is \$30 per year. Copies of "The Sextant" are \$20 to non-members, \$15 to new members ordering when joining. Inquire of the Society of Boat & Yacht Designers, 2401 Vista Ln., Anacortes, WA 98221.

NAVY YARD ROWING CENTER

Ed McCabe of the Hull Lifesaving Museum's rowing group is busy organizing another rowing center at the old Navy Yard in Charlestown. MA. Undertaken by Hull's Museum people, the plan is to establish an independent rowing center for traditional rowing at the Navy Yard with heavy emphasis on inner city youth rowing programs. Interested rowers who might like to assist in this are invited to contact Ed Mc-Cabe, Hull Lifesaving Museum, Box Hull, MA 02045. 925-4826.

NAUTICAL BOOKSHOP

Readers in the Philadelphia area might like to know about Tupper Barrett's nautical bookshop, "The Pilothouse", located at Piers 3-5 just off Penn's Landing. Lots of great nautical reading and videos for these long winter months ahead. Call Tupper at (215) 351-4008 for further information.

GET YOUR ANNOUNCEMENTS IN EARLY

Reader Myron Young of Laurel, New York, writes about our listings of events as follows:

"Last year we came up to several events listed in "Boats". We'd like to attend more in 1990. Please try to get the organizers to get their announcements in to you earlier so we can better plan to attend them. Sometimes the notice comes out just before (or even just after) an interesting event."

It's useful to alert us about your event as soon as you have its date set. Then we can run at least a preliminary notice. For final details, we need your information two months before the event so we can run it a month early to help out

readers like Myron.

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STEAM AGAINST THE WIND

ICE-YACHTING ON THE HUDSON.

An ice-yacht flits about like a swallow, skimming over the river with the speed and grace of a bird. She is better than a bird, for she takes you along in her flight and gives you the triumph of the wing, as she sweeps, and swings, and trembles on through space. Mount this wayward flyer as she is launched upon the wind. Your course is down the Hudson from Poughkeepsie, and, as your sail begins at a moderate speed, you can observe the scene.

The old river is not now in its human, sympathetic mood, when it hums with talk and song, and its banks are bright with lawns and flowers. It is a long, narrow, level valley of ice, all gray between its dark brown headlands. The hills are sober in a fur of bare trees, and the fields are bald and white with snow. As you look eighteen miles down the narrow valley, it seems walled in by high headlands marking a long perspective, down to where the Highlands close about it with a wall of hoary mountains. The pure, keen air gives even the distant scenes the clearness of a miniature. Here at the start are the shores of Poughkeepsie, with smoking furnaces, deserted docks, and sloops bound in the ice. Two miles below, on the right, is Blue Point—a high head of rock frowzy with bare trees. On the left are the cuts and tunnels of the railroad and the high cliffs, hung with gleaming icicles; and a train comes thundering into the wintry silence and veils the bluffs with steam and smoke. Farther on are the docks and houses at Milton nestled under the bank, and the Barnegat hills opposite covered with an olive-black forest of arbor-vitæ. On the right, the deep gorge of Marlborough veils its winter sculpture with golden willows, and the bold headlands of Hampton roll along the shore. Opposite these is the village of New Hamburgh. The valley expands still farther on into the broad bay of Newburgh, lying at the base of the Highlands. It is a long,

narrow stretch of cold and desolation. And yet, in gliding about, you get glimpses here and there of cheerful, active life. You may peep into fishermen's huts on the shore, where men are netting; or at a deserted mill tottering back under the rocks, while its perennial brook still sings and sparkles down the cliffs, now white with icicles and beds of frost-flowers. Your mind may linger about the farm-houses on the hills, where warmth and cheer fight off the winter cold and the biting breeze. It begins to blow more, and you find yourself flitting about from village to village with a quick and pleasant motion. Teams crossing at the ferries shy at you and hasten their pace. Gangs of men are working at the ice-harvest; fishermen are hauling their nets up through the ice or skating hastily toward little signals that respond to a "bite"; foot-passengers are gingerly picking their way on the slippery surface; groups of men and boys dot the ice with their black figures and reflect the sunbeams from their skates, and more retiring couples swing along, hand in hand, in the little bays and coves.



EISHING THROUGH THE ICK

Ice Yachting 100 Years Ago

The fastest man made vehicles in the world just over 100 years ago, in the 1880's, were the big ice yachts popular on the Hudson River, with speeds we now know were in excess of 100 miles per hour possible under ideal condi-"Scribners Monthly" magazine of 1881 carried a lengthy article on sailing these craft, with a follow-up on how to build one. Thanks to a reader, we can bring you this look into the past when iceboats were very big and very fast, and a topic of great interest to the general public.

These bits of life and color are doubly welcome in the desert of winter, cold, clear, and stern. The stillness of death is broken only by the loud cracking of the ice-mutterings of the old river making a continual roar. You hear many sudden snaps, and the clear ring of thin sheets of ice falling in the "windrows"; then an angry crash from ice along the shore. The deepest tones are the loud, musical notes of a great crack that starts under your very feet and runs off to the bluffs.

All, the large cracks run across the river. The lateral expansion finds room by crowding the ice upon the shores; but as the expansion up and down the river is prevented by bays and points, the ice buckles up in ridges across the river. Sometimes the bend goes downward and forms a hollow filled with water, until one side of the ice, dropping below the other, is caught by the tide, and broken off, and carried away. Such cracks often remain open all winter, for the water, boiling up from under the ice, is not easily frozen. In other cases, the bend goes upward and raises a ridge or bridge, sometimes several feet high; this does not interfere with travel until one-half drops down and makes a step or fault. Tle river is divided into long lanes and fields of smooth ice by windrows crossing in every direction. In some regions the windrows are so numerous as to prevent sailing; in othe s, large expanses offer good ice for long distances. When the first ice formed, it was so thin that it broke loose from the shores in large cakes or "fields"; these, in floating against one another, fractured the edges, turned them upward, and made ridges of broken ice, some of which are thin, clear sheets standing at every angle and flashing like mirrors. The yacht glides about in these fields and lanes, avoids the old mounds and windrows of snow-ice, and now and then dashes through a thin windrow, while the scales rattle and gleam like crashing glass.

All at once, you seem to be running straight into a hole of still, open water; in an instant you are skimming over the glassy surface of new ice. As you look down, you see muddy water floating under you in small, boiling currents like little The ice in places is quite full of bubbles; those near the surface are all white with delicate frost-work such as you have seen on window-panes: those farther below, being protected from the cold, are as clear as cut-glass. Here and there is a catacomb filled with the skeletons of grass and ferns torn from the mountain brooks. The ice is all faintly veined and marbled. and tinted with reflections of the heavens. It seems like a picture of a dim twilight sky. with crystals for the stars. In other places it is a record of Nature in a warm and lenient hour, when she modeled in the ice little landscapes with gorge, rivulet, and bluff, and decked them with white flowers; but Old Winter caught the ripples playing with the wind and petrified them. There are great lumps of light, as it were, where blocks of ice lie in the sun; mosaics of frost-flowers, and Nature's geometry of crystals; and beautiful fractures, some of them composed of flat spiral strands like the threads of a screw, which gleam in the sunshine like a rope of rainbows. Thus the scene and the experience of ice-vachting are full of the weird and the magical. The gray desert of winter gleams with vivid colors: the silence of death is broken by roars as of sharp agony; you move airily over the surface of the deep; you lie still as the dead, and yet you glide about with the unearthly ease and freedom of a spirit. And your eagerness of expectation matches the keenness of the air and the brightness of the sunbeams on the winter scene.

You go on down the river now with a good wind on the beam. The playful breeze freshens in flaws, as if trying to escape you: but still you follow its wayward motions: you start when it starts, flit over the ice with its own speed, turn and glide with the lightness and the grace of its own whirling dance. The ice-yachts darting about look like white-winged swallows skimming over the ice: as they cross and recross your course. you hope that every captain knows his business and will avoid collisions. Theice-yachts have anticipated your wish, and flown away to various points of the horizon while your thought drew its slow length along. The ice seems to be running under you with great speed, and you sometimes feel that you might easily drop off the open, spiderlike frame of the yacht. By such rapid motion, the bubbles, crystals, and lines of the ice are all woven into a silky web of prismatic hues. You distinguish only the cracks that run with the course; and, when they deviate from it, they seem to jump from side to side without connecting angles or curves. The mounds and the windrows seem to come up at you suddenly, and dodge past. You begin to hold on to the hand-rail, and lie close down in the box. If you are steering, you feel that your hand is the hand of fate; and the keen excitement nerves you to extraordinary alertness. The breeze sings in the rigging; the runners hum on the ice



WAITING FOR THE START,

with a crunching sound, and a slight ringing minutes. But for those who sailed it, these and crackling; and a little spurt of crushed minutes were filled with more excitement ice flies up behind each runner and flashes than is found in many a long life-time. like a spray of gems. The yacht seems Embark again and return up the river. more and more a thing of the air,—her The wind, freshening all this time, now motions are so fitful, wayward, and sudden. if under the illusions of magic; you feel the enshroud the dark headlands, and the grim perspective almost as a sensation. You turn face of Nature frowns with stormy gloom. toward a brown patch of woods; it quickly It is a time to draw up to the fire and talk assumes the form of headlands; these are of storms, while one is basking in luxury and pushed apart, and a gorge appears between warmth. But you are launched upon the them; while you stare, a stream starts down wind; the light snow whirls upward in the the rocks, behind the trees; a mill suddenly lee of the mainsail, and she seems a spirit grows up; the rocks are now all coated with of the air in a cloud, sweeping onward like a ice; statues of winter's sculpture are modeled whirlwind. The wind howls in the rigging, before your eyes, and decked with flashing crystals, just as you turn away to some other hold on to the shrouds in a nervous frenzy point of the horizon. So you seem to be of excitement. As she turns in her sudden continually arriving at distant places.

A regatta is to be sailed over this course, and you arrive in time to see the start. The yachts all stand in a row, head to the wind. At the word, the first in the line swings stern around till her sails fill; she

The speed with which you approach a disson in strong gusts. The sky is partly covtant scene makes it grow distinct while you ered with clouds; the gray desert of winter wink with wonder. Things grow larger, as has lost its gleams of color; snow-squalls the ice crashes, the runners ring, and you motions, you feel as if your body were trying to fly on in some swift tangential course, even though your hands and feet remain. Space opens freshly before you every moment as a strange, devouring void, and you fly into it with a wild, erratic motion, seemmoves off at once, and the crew jump ingly beyond the rule of human will or aboard,—one man standing or lying on the natural law. You are not shut up in a windward runner-plank and holding on to ponderous train—a whole world of material, the shrouds, and the helmsman and another roaring, jolting matter. Here you fly alone man lying in the box. Then the other through the keen air and the flashing sunyachts successively swing around; and, in a shine, with the speed of a bird soaring moment, the whole fleet is under way, gliding in the sky. But your eyes are not those in zigzag courses among the windrows and of an eagle, and they see things changed mounds. They all diminish in apparent size by the rapid passage. Objects seem melted with astonishing rapidity; they seem act- down and drawn out into blurred, elonually to contract in a moment to a mere gated forms; shapes and colors are lost, white speck, skimming about the river miles and things look blue. Now the wind lulls away. You join the crowd of men and boys again; you listen to the roaring of the stamping and slapping to keep warm; you gust sweeping up the bluff and through exchange a few words with a friend, and the bare forest; then a louder roar comes when you turn around again, behold the on, as an express train thunders out of yachts sweeping down upon you! They the tunnel. The windows are filled with grow as they come, flying at you with a way- eager faces, and waving handkerchiefs ward, erratic course, and you feel the wonder stream in the wind; the engine blows a shrill of embodied speed. The ten-mile race of the challenge, and you wave an acceptance. ice-yachts is lost and won in as many But the wind plays you false, and the train

passes in triumph. Then all at once you get the breeze and move up; you skim along with ease compared to the thundering tread of the iron horse, and you gain on him. As you come abreast, the windows and platforms are crowded with excited people; you hold on your course and, with the next gust, pass them as though they were slowing up, while they cordially salute your victory with more waving and whistling. You soon lose sight and sound of them; the wind roars in the rigging; as the yacht sways in her course, her extreme speed makes her divergences appear like leaps from side to side—a mad, reeling motion. As she "rears," or heels over, she seems to rise for an actual flight into the heavens: she slides a little sidewise with a wild, tremulous motion, and you wonder where she will alight. Now she rears again, and at that moment you have to wear away to avoid some rough ice. The descent and the swing combined seemed to have destroyed the force of gravity; your body seems to have lost all material existence, and you swing through space with a rush that makes you shiver. You have been in the shadow of the clouds, but now, in a single instant, you fly into a sunny world, gleaming sharply, faintly, with prismatic hues: you are dashing through a windrow, the ice flies and the air seems filled with a shower of diamonds. Even while they fall you have crossed the sunny world and entered another of storms. The whole face of nature is animated; the hills grow up while you stare, and come rushing at you with a new and awful grandeur—a feeling of omnipotence. But they pass by, and subside again, as if by a magic spell. Suddenly something has happened; your feet have flown out from the plank and your body swings out by the arms as if whirling on a trapeze; the yacht has run over a mound of ice and snow a foot or more high; as this tossed her into the air, the wind on the quarter swung her stern around and headed her across the wind, straight for a high mass of broken ice. And she keeps right on, through all these gyrations, with such speed that you have to cling with all your might to prevent her from flying from under you. The captain, however, keeps his head, and in a moment wears her away again, with another of those inconceivable swings and sweeps of a bird. Her sudden starts and turns make her a living thing of the air, full of wild, swift, and graceful motions, and a wayward willfulness that is startling. Now she dodges a mound with the clear determination of certainty; then, in the midst of barriers that would crush us all, she sways and reels and roars as if in the confusion of inevitable destruction. But the spell of magic is upon her, and guides even her wildest flights. The horizontal or the upward tendency of every atom destroys again and again your sense of weight; your body seems the subject of unis one of her chief attractions; but the to the wind, luff her till her headway is seen, unknown powers; and a keen, shivering helmsman must have a cool head, a quick diminished somewhat, and then turn the glee flashes through your soul. Such a flight eye, and a steady hand. Otherwise she rudder quickly square across. This acts over the earth is among heroic feats, and it may whisk about with such sudden and then as a brake, scraping sidewise on the kindles your nature with the fire of valor. erratic motions as to throw all hands into ice. The strain on the boat, of course, But the flight is done, and you must stop eternity. Nevertheless, she may be turned is very great, and necessity alone justifies the triumph of the wing; you descend from about with extraordinary quickness if she this maneuver. When sailing free, stopping

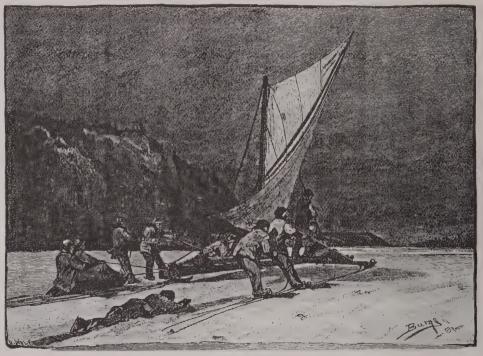
on which you flew as an eagle on a whirlwind; you return to the common earth, to the long, narrow valley of ice, dull and gray between its headlands, now flaming out in the cold, clear, silent evening.

Ice-vachting seems to be the acme of recklessness. In its early days, when the men were less skillful, and the vachts, being ill-balanced, were less manageable, accidents sometimes occurred. But now that experience has improved the methods of handling and building, ice-yachting may be called a safe sport. Serious accidents are almost unknown, and vachtsmen do not hesitate to sail with their families under reasonable conditions of ice and weather. The iceyacht is the fastest object moving on the earth; but if any one find her motions too slow, let him put on skates, and holding one end of a long rope made fast to the boom, take a tow behind her on smooth ice; when she is under full speed put her about sharply, and give him a swing before he lets go the rope, as if from a sling. He

will compare himself to a bullet.

of the curve,-somewhat as a whin-lash may turn very sharply without snapping. This gradual turning is very necessary in a stiff breeze; for if she be put about too suddenly her momentum causes her to slide sidewise, and to lose almost all her head-

Pushing the vacht is the most prosaic experience. But it is often required in light. flawy wind and on a snowy surface where the friction is great, to prevent her from stopping and her runners from settling in the ice. Steering among obstructions and over rough ice or cracks requires much experience, coolness, and promptness. going over a rough place, she is first headed so as to spill the wind and relieve her of strain; she is then headed as straight across a crack as possible, that the runners may not slip into it, and that they may both cross it at once. In going over broken ice where the cakes overlie one another, one or both runners must be run on the highest places to raise the plank above the obstructions. It is better to jump down from such high



The handling of an ice-yacht differs from the sailing of other crafts in many particulars. Her sails are always trimmed flat aft; but if a wind on the beam is so strong as to make her either slide or "rear up too much, the boom is sometimes let off a foot. The steering of an ice-vacht is very surprising to a water sailor. The tiller generally moves as easily as a straw, unless the rudder catches in a crack or runs through snow or rough ice. Her extreme quickness and delicacy in obeying the helm

mounds or cakes than to attempt to run up their steepest side; for, if the points of the runners catch on the edge of a cake or in a snow-bank, the yacht will be brought up so suddenly that her rigging may all go by the board, or the whole craft may be wrecked. In approaching dangerous places, it is sometimes necessary to stop very quickly. The usual mode of stopping is to luff her up and run her into the "wind's eye" till all her headway is lost. There are two modes of stopping quickly. When sailing close the clouds of snow and the roaring storm is brought gradually to the shortest part suddenly is more difficult. Pay her off to jibe, and as the boom, in swinging over, gives her a jerk, at exactly the same instant turn the helm quickly square across, pointing, of course, to leeward. This jerk hauls her stern suddenly around and she turns about into the wind, while the rudder is kept square across to act as a brake. If the speed be not very high, the yacht may be stopped in the space of two lengths by this maneuver. An ice-yacht is temporarily anchored by turning her head to the wind, lighting up the jib-sheet, and turning the rudder straight across. The jib-sheet should always be cast off, to prevent her from getting away alone. On one occasion, when the fleet had come to anchor in a cove and the men were loitering about the yachts, one yacht ran away. The jib-sheet was not cast off, and a gust of wind had started her alone on a wild and dangerous course. She first stood off from shore, but suddenly put about. She came straight in, and in a moment struck another vacht and made two complete wrecks, but fortunately did no other harm.

the box; but when a stiff breeze makes her slide around, more weight is required on the rudder to make it take hold of the ice. The best management of an ice-vacht can scarcely be described: it varies with different courses and must be learned by intelligent practice. In general terms, of course, her actions are like those of other sail-boats; but, in some particulars, her special features necessitate a different handling. She sails closer to the wind than any other craft: a good ice-yacht stands up within four points, and she goes about so quickly that she loses but little of her headway. In beating to leeward.—the ice-vachting expression for sailing with a free wind.—when she has her full speed, pay her off nearly on her true course for a little way; then should she begin to lose much of her headway, luff, or come up a little more to get up headway again. She is thus kept always at high speed, yet makes many short runs nearly on her true course. The higher the wind, the more she can run free. She always jibes on this course, and, if the wind favors.



THE WRECK.

An ice-yacht is got under way by trimming the jib-sheet and then swinging her stern around and pushing ahead till her sails fill. When she is temporarily laid up, all her runners are placed on pieces of board, the tiller is removed from the rudder-post, and her sails are protected by canvas covers.

The crew stand on the windward runner and hold on to the shrouds. This is the only proper position for them; for there they not only give their weight as ballast on the windward side, but also relieve the leeward runner of extra weight added to the pressure given by the sail. And, more-over, it is the safer side, since the spars, if carried away, cannot fall on them, and if she capsize, they are not under the sails. In a light wind, only the helmsman lies in

makes a long turn. To "bring her to" at a given point while running free, reach a point many lengths directly to windward of it; then head her directly with the wind till she slows up to the same speed as the wind, turn her suddenly into the wind till she is nearly stopped, and then turn the rudder across as a brake.

(To Be Continued)



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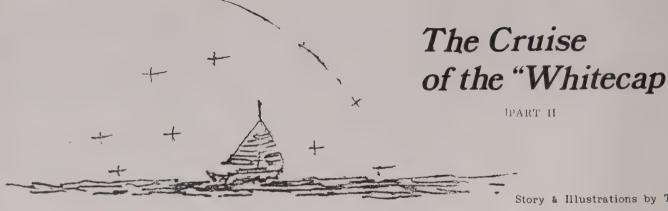
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Story & Illustrations by Tom



Expectedly, the boat went bump in the night. And then went bump again. On the third bump, K sprang into action. "We've grounded out," he screamed, and dashed for the deck. In response I crawled out of my warm sleeping bag into the chill of the early morning air to help pull on the anchor line. It



did no good. The boat stopped bumping and didn't move anymore.

"Rock the boat," K ordered. It wouldn't rock. "What do we do?" somebody asked out of the dark-

ness. "Pull the pin," somebody suggested.

"Can't pull the pin. It won't come out." We went below to prove that it couldn't be done. K reached down and pulled the pin out. We had just agreed that it was impossible and there we were staring at the bent pin. Should never try to prove that something can't be done.



PIN

"It's done, let's try to forget it." We put the old rusty winch in place and cranked the board up, secured it, and then returned to our sleeping bags. I had just shut my eyes when a whole calliope of sounds let loose in the confined cabin. K snored. I grabbed the

walkman radio and turned on the N.Y. Philharmonic. Eventually, I fell asleep from exhaustion and noise fatigue.

By 6 a.m. K was reaching the crescendo of a Grand Finale. I got up, dressed and sat on deck. After



ON DECK

a few culminating blasts, the noise below stopped and K poked his head out the hatch. "Where are we?"

"Provincetown."

"Give me a minute to think. What do we do now?"

"Go ashore."

"Great. I'll pass up the rubber raft. You can blow it up while I get dressed." He stretched and vawned and wondereed what to do next. "What did I just say?"

"Pass up the rubber raft."

"Right." He disappeared below and shoved the raft up through the hatch. "I bought it at a discount store," he explained. "Things may be broken or missing, my kids got at it. It doesn't have to be inflated all the way."

I managed to get the thing inflated and thrown into the water. I tossed in the broken paddles and climbed in myself. K handed down a backpack and climbed in into a kneeling position.



HE RAFT

"Sit down. Sit down and it'll

be less shaky," I said.
"If I sit I'll never be able to get up. Shut up and paddle." Luckily the wind was with us as paddling didn't add much to our progress. There was no surf on the beach. But on shore the raft seemed to want to hold K captive. It buck-

led and squirmed every time he tried to dislodge himself. I pulled the whole thing up on the sand and capsized it. K rolled out laughing.



GETTINI OUT

"Great fun, isn't it!" We carried the raft up the beach and tied it to a piling so it wouldn't blow away.

In town, K became a crazed tourist, buying everything he laid his hands on and stuffing it into the backpack, then mailing postcards to family and friends. After the acquisitive urge had subsided, we rented bikes and rode out of town and over the dunes to the highest hill in the interior where it seemed we were suspended in a universe of sand, water and sky.



MUSEUM

At a museum we saw ancient photographs of people long gone; the barbaric weapons used to slaughter fish; the inaccurate charts; and the location of wrecks. We bicycled to the Rescue Museum on the beach where a scholarly young man talked metronomically about the rescue process. It seemed terribly complicated but I imagine when it was done it was done with very few orders, little shouting or confusion and in a fraction of the time it took the young man to describe it.

He was still talking an hour later. The Cape apparently was densely wooded in early days. The trees were cut down by the settlers and the sand took over. Now there are stunted pine, bushes and beach grass. Nature is recovering from our ravages though, we were told that if we can leave it alone for a thousand years it will fully recover. Why are museums so depressing?

"I need a drink," I said.

"I know just the drink after a long bike ride over the dunes of Cape Cod," K said. We hurried back to town, returned the bikes, and made for the bar.



" A bottle of beer and a bag of potato chips," K ordered hungrily.

"A double Cape Codder for me."



CHESS

After three games of chess, we returned to the raft. It had lost air. We should have taken the pump. We threw it into the water and climbed in. It gave under our weight like jelly. It was dark now and we had to guess where the boat was. The wind was still onshore

whipping up a little chop. Water came over my end and soaked me.

"Paddle faster," K said, "I think we're sinking."



The raft started closing up on us like a giant clam. If I paddled hard we'd spin in one direction and if K paddled hard, we'd spin in the other direction, and if we both paddled easy we hardly made any progress at all. If we sank I would go to the bottom like a rock with the backpack full of tourist junk. Wet, cold and sore, we wandered through the night looking for the "White Cap".

It eventually appeared off to port, to windward. Groaning and cursing, we reached the side of the boat. K pulled himself aboard, but when his weight lifted off, the raft tried to swallow me up. The one hand that held the boat managed to pull me partially free and with an audible "phewy", the raft spit me into the cockpit. I landed head-down with the cold salt water pouring out of the backpack over my head.



PHEWY

"That was an adventure," K laughed.

"Let's get below and light the stove," I said through chattering teeth.

"What stove?" K asked.



WHAT STOVE

"The stove," I repeated.
"We don't have a stove," K
said flatly.

"A 21 foott boat full of junk and you don't have a stove? No type of heat at all?"

"None."

I went below, found two candles in my pack, lit them, took off my wet clothes and climbed into my sleeping bag, shaking and shivering, soon sleeping through the snoring, gusty winds and rain of the long night.

(To Be Continued)



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A Day of Fun for the Working Fleet

Late August must be the right time to hold the annual Tugboat Muster and Parade, for once again the weather was perfect. This year, the assembly place for the Fifth Annual Tugboat Muster & Parade, sponsored by the World Ship Society, Port of Boston New England Branch, was new, the World Trade Center (the Commonwealth

The "flying bridge" on Ken Gallup's "Hawk".



Pier to us old-timers). It had good parking nearby, while the pier end and the picture windows of the convention center provided convenient sites for spectators. A couple of flat barges across the end of the pier let the tugs ignore the changing tide and kept them far enough from spectators to allow an appropriate perspective. This was a good move, because thirty or more tugs of all sizes lined the pier.

Our host boat this year was Ken Gallup's "Hawk" from Wakefield, Rhode Island. The "Hawk", an ex-Navy tug, was sporting a new Cat engine of some 600hp. Ken is one of those big, quiet men, and it's sometimes hard to see what's going on behind the sunglasses. I spent much of my time alongside of him atop the pilothouse, where he runs the tug by tweaking small levers. A portable VHF radio enabled him to hear the co-ordinating messages from the organizers and, later on, to exchange challenges with tugs desiring to test their pushing abilities. Then he would pick up the radio and quietly murmur a word or two, whereupon another tug would move into alignment with our bow. But more on that later ...

One tug at this year's Muster, the "Norfolk Rebel" from Norfolk, Virginia, had been entered in prior musters, but each time had failed to show up. I was delighted to see her present this year for she has a unique claim to fame, sails! It is claimed that they make a useful contribution when towing or underway, but the idea hasn't caught on in the towboat world.

The biggest entrant was the former fleet tug, the U.S.C.G.C "Tamaroa". She led the parade down the harbor with the spouting fire-boat close behind. The parade was a tug-lover's paradise, strung out ahead of and behind our spot in the "Hawk".

Down by Castle Island, the "Tamaroa" continued on out to sea while the parade looped back up the east side of the harbor. We passed several tugs and barges tied up at East Boston Pier 1. One of the tugs prompted the remark that "Old tugs never die, they just get rebuilt."

Near the "Constitution" and the Coast Guard base, we circled back to the World Trade Center. Then Captain Callup showed me a trick of his trade. He said a few words quietly to one of the young men on board. A stern hatch was removed, a salvage pump appeared, and water was pumped into a stern compartment. "It'll put the propellor deeper into the water," he explained.

Then we moved out, the radio came into use and the "Hawk's" new engine was tested against any other tug remotely in the same horsepower class. I watched from my perch in the "Hawk's" pilothouse as we tried to push with the "Emily



From the top: The "Norfolk Rebel" from Norfolk, Virginia, sports a sail rig for auxiliary power, but the idea hasn't caught on yet. This year's press boat was Capt. Ken Gallup's "Hawk" from Wakefield, Rhode Island. "Guido" at right, with 235 horsepower, was able to best "Big Toot", with 385 horsepower. "Can I drive, dad, huh, huh?"

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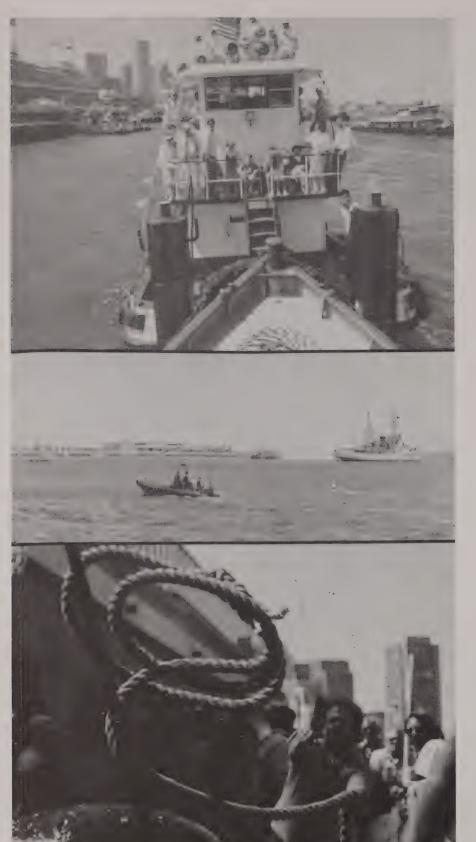
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From the top: Head to head, our press boat "Hawk", with 600 horsepower, takes on "Emily Anne" of Salem, Massachusetts, with 800 horsepower. We lost. The U.S.C.G.C tug "Tamaroa", a former fleet tug, was the largest tug to appear, here she's headed out with the fireboat. Good form in the popular line tossing contest.

Anne", 800hp, of Salem, Massachusetts. We lost to the more powerful boats, including a twin-engined tug with 900hp. We defeated tugs of lesser horsepower, among which was Captain Patsy Kellev's "Seahorse", 500hp, with an almost all-woman crew. But first, Patsy had to move her tug from close proximity to a navigation aid. That was easy, that's what tugs are built to do.

I suddenly became aware that we were lining up with the 900hp twin-engined tug again. "What goes, Ken?" I asked, "He beat us easily last time."

"He's going to use only the left engine," was his response.

And we won this time.

All around us, pairs of tugs were going at it. Small ones like "Guido", which seemed to be able to best "The Big Toot", although the listed horsepowers were 235 and 385 respectively; big ones like the fleetmates "Russel J." and "Leonard J." The tugs were in a "pushing frenzy", and it took a long time for exhaustion to set in.

But finally they did wind it down, and gradually the fleet tied up for visiting and the line toss contest, which turned out to be a very popular event this year! It seemed that every tug had several deck hands who were eager to sign up to take three tries at dropping the loop over a bitt fifteen feet away.

much does that line weigh?" asked the announcer.

"Three-hundred pounds!"

"I'd say more like fifty or sixty."

"Oh, it feels like three-hundred after the second toss!"

It was hard to get a photo of this action, what with the crowd of spectators and deckhands waiting to sign up or throw, and the proximity of the gangway down to the barges, but I got one shot that shows good form and a high probability of success.

I know the ribbons and awards are important to the winning tugs, masters and crews, but I don't know who won all the pushes or line tosses or which tug was adjudged "Best Large Tug" and "Best Small Tug". I asked for the results, but perhaps the organizers lost my request in the press of demands at that time. It doesn't matter, it was, "A Day of Fun for the Working Fleet", as the organizers put it, and the spectators also had their day of fun.

Report & Photos from Ilugh

Water Tractor

Operating a tug can be dangerous because it spends so much of its time secured to objects larger than itself. If a tug suddenly slows or stops, the barge it is towing may run it down. If the tow sheers off and the towline pulls the tug from the side, the tug may be "girded", or forced to capsize; to paraphrase the old Greek saving, "Being girded can spoil your whole day!" A tug, although stoutly built, may suddenly become the soft thing between two hard objects. such as a pier and a ship being docked, if it doesn't escape the closing trap. And the demands of a docking job may require that a tug maintaining a strain on a line to the ship must quickly swing around and push instead. For these reasons, and others, tugboats must be agile.

All tugboats are not propelled by screws, or propellors, at the stern of the vessel. There are advantages, such as agility, to placing the propelling device or devices under the center of the hull. In general, this kind of tug is called a water tractor. They come in several forms.

The Voith-Schneider system vertical blades protruding 11505 from a spinning disk that is flush with the hull bottom. The blades are pivoted as they rotate so as to produce thrust in a desired direction. In some ways, it is the marine version of a helicopter. The Voith-Schneider system is often used on vessels such as research ships or floating cranes that must be held in precise position while work goes on. It has been used for tugs, but another scheme is more practical.

This one uses what can be thought of as giant outboard motors built into the tug's hull and protruding below. These rudder/propellors can be pivoted to thrust in any direction. Often two are placed side by side. The tugmaster's controls are two joysticks with which he selects the direction and intensity of the thrusting by each unit. By appropriate combinations, he can move his tug in any direction, even sideways, or hold it steady.

I viewed and visited one such tug in New Zealand recently. Gisbourne is home to the water tractor "Turihaua" (Gentle Breeze" in Macri), owned by the Gisbourne Harbour Board. Gisbourne, a seaport halfway down the east coast of the North Island, is where Captain Cook (who explored, but did not discover, New Zealand, Abel Tasman had that honor) first landed. Nearby is Young Nick's Head, a white bluff slashing the green of the New Zealand bush, named for the twelve-year old cabin boy who first spotted the land.

"Turihaua" is basically a docking tug for the freighters that visit Gisbourne, although she also tows a hopper barge to sea to dump dredged material. Designed in England and built in New Zealand, she has two 500 hp diesels driving two Schottel rudder/propellor units.

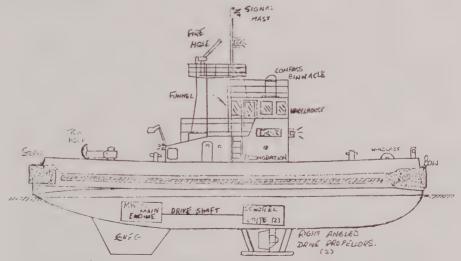
As she is the first water tractor I had seen, I gave her a good eying as she lay at her Gisbourne berth. Medium blue hull, white deckhouse centered on the hull, decks and fire equipment in red, all shining and glinting in the noontime sun. The dented and worn hopper barge moored astern seemed to be a probable part-time companion. A crew member answered a question from me with an invitation to come aboard for a tour.

Spacious pilothouse with superb visibility in all directions. Below, neat berths and living spaces. Impressive engine room with the two diesels and forward of them the barrels, standing chest high, of the Schottel units, with their drive shafts leading down into and through the bilges. He gave me the drawing illustrating this report.

answered my questions until I felt guilty at taking so much of his time and, in general, showed pride in his craft. He should have, for she was well-built and beautifully maintained. "Turihaua" did lack much of the electronics customary on most tugs, but her duties didn't call for more than she had. Otherwise, she was completely equipped, note the fire monitor and other provisions for firefighting. In all, I was impressed.

The illustration is inaccurate in one respect, it shows fenders at both bow and stern. "Turihaua" had only one fender and that was on her stern. I was puzzled why stern fender. That is, until I remembered the special attributes of the water tractor. "Turihaua" can have a line off the stern towing hook to a ship and be exerting a pull, but, by simply pivoting the Schottel units, she can reverse direction to quickly move backwards for a push. That's why the fender is on the stern. There's no need to back and fill until the bow is where the stern, used to be. Such is the virtue of the water tractor.

Report by Hugh Ware.



TUG "TURIHAUA" BUILT BY WHANGAREI ENGINEERING COMPANY, WHANGAREI,

IN 1977

Designed by Burness, Corlett and Partners Ltd, England. Length - 22 metres. Breadth - 6.95. Draught - 2.8m. Displacement - 173.90 tons.

Engines 2 M.W.M. Diesel German make 500 H.P. each side. Auxil. 2 M.W.M. Diter German make 57 H.P. each.

Propulsion by Right angled drive rudder propellers made in Germany by Schottel situated in forepart of vessel.

Bollard pull 12.8 tons.

Cruising speed 9.5 knots at 1750 R.P.M.

Fuel consumption 20 gallons per hour, per engine.

Fuel capacity approc. 15 tons, range 2,000 miles.

Manning scale: in Port - 4, at Sea - 6.

Radio equipment - Single side band radio, and V.H.F.

Other equipment - Searchlight, Echo Sounder, Fire Monitor - capacity 600 gals. per minute at 100 psi. Also

500 gals. Lightwater carried for Foam Production.
The Schottel units are controlled by independent levers, which control both direction and thrust. The units can be turned through 360° to give thrust as required. The vessel can stop in the own length turn round in a length turn round in the own length.

through 360° to give thrust as required. The vessel can stop in its own length, turn round in a circle in 26 sec. and goes astern as fast and as easily as it goes ahead. It is a simple matter to make it go sideways.

"TURIHAUA" in Maori is supposed to mean 'Gentle Breeze!

DESIGNS & PROJECTS

SCOOTER, THE 60 POUND, \$122 PLYAK

Heeding the late L. Francis Herreshoff's admonition that it's not a kayak unless it's covered with skin, I identify my double paddle plywood "Scooter" design as a "plyak". With an overall length of 15'7" and a 30" beam, the hull is shaped nearly like a conventional sea kayak. but the flat bottom, uncambered decks, open cockpit, rounded spray rail and unusually generous flare put "Scooter" in a different category.

At 23" beam on the bottom, the flare created by the boat's 30" overall width provides a lot of reserve stability. In a roll test, this 210 pound designer was unable to capsize "Scooter". Instead the boat shipped water until it reached an angle at which I fell out of the 3'7" cockpit and the hull righted itself.

In what I saw as the acid test for stability and ease of paddling, I took "Scooter" on a seven mile trip down the St. Clair River that connects Lakes Huron and Erie. A five knot current combined with a severe cross chop created 3' to 4' waves, some whitecapping, for the entire trip. "Scooter" took all of the chop broadside but never wavered from her steady three knot course, and never shipped a drop of water!

A strong sheer and rocker, with 7-1/2" of freeeboard amidships, enhances the boat's seaworthiness and keeps her occupant dry. Designed displacement is 238 pounds at a draft of 4", but dry weight is only about 60 pounds.

Despite the use of high quality lauan marine plywood, "Scooter's" prototype, built in the spring



of 1989, cost only \$122, including three coats of oil base paint and a final coat of super hard industrial

Construction of "Scooter" is extremely simple; more so than stitch-and-glue. No lofting is done. No molds, fixtures or strong-back are used. Side planking is sawn with parallel sheer and chine bevels, then butted and pulled into position around a pre-fabricated center frame. Two other pre-built bulkhead/frame parts are set in place and stem and stern pieces are added to complete the forming of the hull. Decks and bottom are glued and fastened in place and trimmed by the "piecrust" method.

The need for a chine log, with its attendant difficult fitting, is eliminated by the use of Si-ka-Flex or 3M 5200 in continuous beads where sides and bottom join. The chine is also re-inforced with 3" glass tape and resin. Strain is taken off the bottom by plywood

floorboards in the cockpit.

All mating surfaces are glued or adhered with the Sika Flex or 3M 5200. Sides and bottom are 1/4" plywood, the decks 1/8". A watertight mast step under the foredeck provides a sailing option and also adds support to the deck. A lightweight cross beam supports the afterdeck. A small skeg provides directional stability for paddling. The result is an extremely tough and durable boat. After a long summer on five inland lakes, the Mackinac Straits, an encounter with four sets of rocky rapids on a fast river, and being hauled on and off innumerable gravel banks and beaches, the only sign of wear was some scratching of the enamel paint on "Scooter's bottom.

Large scale plans and simple step-by-step instructions for first-time builders are available for \$15 postpaid from me, Joe Reisner, 9600 Seventeen Mile Rd., Marshall, MI 49068, (616) 781-6974.

"DORITA", MY \$50 ROWBOAT

"Dorita" ("dory" plus Spanish diminutive) was designed as a quick, easy and inexpensive boat, one which I could use for recreational rowing on the creeks and across the flats of eastern North Carolina where we live, and which my wife Louisa and I could also use to get from the beach out to our moored sailboat. The prototype has worked out well, exceeding my expectations for fast and easy rowing. She is less successful as our yacht tender because she is small and narrow. But I have rowed her over a mile with Louisa sitting on the, bottom with the picnic basket and our 80 pound dog wedged into the vee in the stern, a pretty good balancing act ("Sit DOWN, Tige!").

This really is stretching the capabilities of a 3'3" wide by 11'6" long, 50 pound rowboat.

I built the prototype without plans, drawing the outlines for the parts directly onto the plywood, and had her basic structure completed in two days. I had intended to slap on a coat of semi-gloss white over everything and go rowing, but she looked so cute that I spent the next week fairing the fiberglass, painting the outside red, and finishing the inwales and frames bright with several coats of varnish. I am not sorry I ended up with a yacht instead of a workboat.

The design is meant to be the simplest useful boat one can build for the least possible cost, about \$50. Using less than a quart of

epoxy resin, two 4'x8' sheets of plywood, a couple of 12' lengths of 1"x2" clear pine, and assorted lumber most people have around the place, she can be built in three evenings. Then finish her plain as a workboat, or as I did, succumb to her looks and do her up in fancy yacht finish.

Don't let her simplicity and economy lead you to believe she is just another ugly duckling. "Dorita" garners admiring looks and comments at every public appearance. The complete plans and detailed six-page building instructions are just \$15, postage paid in the U.S., from me, Ted Jones, Designer's Boat Plans, 126 Turner St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (919) 728-6544.



KEVLAR WEE LASSIE

Paper boat enthusiast Walter Fullam of Princeton, New Jersey, tried out one of Peter Hornbeck's fine kevlar "Wee Lassie" ble-paddle canoes last summer, and reports that Peter is very busy building these boats, and an Adirondack Guideboat using the same material, for local customers in his upstate New York area. He doesn't advertise his boats because he has all the work he can handle, according to Walter.

GETTING YOUR KAYAK OVER THE PAN ICE

I want to share with readers a method I have found which enables me to get myself in my kayak out on the water over ice pan conditions such as we are experiencing this very cold winter to date.

Originally I tried both garden hoe of the type used for onions, and also a mason's pointing trowel, bent at right angles, either one, strapped to the double-paddle shaft. I found the latter did not work very well at grabbing the ice enough to pull me along.

With the garden hoe fastened to the paddle shaft, oriented upwards out of the way for paddling, I can reach back and grab a bite on the pan ice behind my kayak and pull myself backwards over the ice towards open water. I quickly found this only seemed to work going backwards. I found that about a five foot reach backwards worked out best. It works for my Arluk III but I don't know if it will work for other types of kayaks. This "grabber" also works for making one's way up iced over beaches at low tide.

Gail Ferris, Stony Creek, CT.

CHRISTEEN'S AT STEAMBOAT DOCK

The ovster sloop "Christeen" arrived at Steamboat Dock, at the Connecticut River Museum in Essex, Connecticut, in early December and will remain there throughout the winter as a floating restoration project. The Museum is open in winter Tuesday through Sunday and visitors are welcome to view ongoing restoration project. hours and details, call (203) 767-8269.

"Christeen" is 45' long with a shallow draft of only 3-1/21. She was built in Glenwood, Long Island, in 1883 as a sailing dredge. She worked the oyster beds in the Southold and Greenport areas until

the business declined in the 1920's. The boat then served in the carrying trade between Connecticut and Long Island until her skipper and owner, Captain William Bond, died in 1944. Since then, "Christeen" has had several owners and was converted into a vacht, most recently as a live-aboard.

The restoration is being carried out by Ben Clarkson and Bob Eldredge. The latter owns a boat repair business; while the former is a former Coast Guardsman. When completed. restoration is "Christeen" will sail between museums and restoration projects along the Connecticut and Long Island coasts.

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My Arctic Adventure ~4

Report by Cail Ferris

After all the preparation it seemed as though I was never going to get to the water. Upon my arrival in Pond Inlet, I had to hang around town waiting to recover my last box of gear which had been waylaid in Igaluit. I put together my Klepper and found that nothing had been broken in shipment. For my trip this year, I'll ship from Ottawa, not Montreal, and use a separate waybill for each box if necessary, and depend only on 'First Air to handle my air cargo. The recovery of the missing box meant I did not have to attempt to replace its contents with rough facsimiles from the Hudson Bay Store.

Due to unforseen circumstances, my original paddling partner was unable to carry out his participation in the trip, and I teamed up with a group of ten from France who were using Nautiraid doubles, and were pleased to have my company. On the evening before leaving Pond Inlet, my new friends, who to my delight loved to experiment gastronomic adventures, with picked and cooked a huge pot of Russula mushrooms. The varieties of Russula mushrooms which grow

in the arctic are not poisonous, but should not be intermixed because the flavors do not mix well. I was glad I had brought along my butter, which I could use to saute these tasty mushrooms among other uses. My new friends also obtained a supply of fresh seal meat, a delicious reprieve from dining exclusively on the freeze dried foods.

We left the next morning under overcast skies with a ten knot wind out of the east. We were headed west with our ultimate objective Milne Inlet. Bert Dean at Renewable Resources showed us on the chart where the traditional campsites were, advised us about potentially dangerous crossings and how to negotiate them, and described the general area. Everyone, including Bert, had described Milne Inlet as a wonderful area abounding in fish, seals, and most importantly, as the place where narwhal go in great numbers to suckle their young. Narwhal were one of the reasons we had come such a great distance to paddle. We knew we'd be most likely to get closest to them in our kayaks. While in Greenland, the narwhal can only be hunted with harpoon from kayaks,

in this part of Canada, the annual "harvest" is limited to a predetermined number.

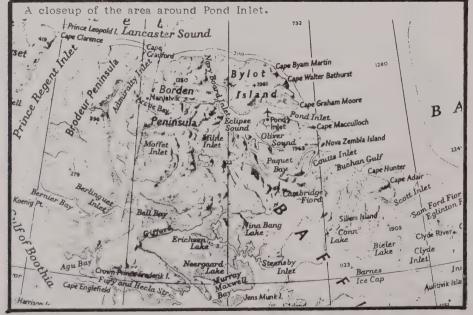
As our little fleet left Pond Inlet, I took advantage of the following wind to try out my Klepper drift sail. After all, we might as well leave in style, and not always would conditions be so perfectly favorable for sailing. The prevailing wind in the arctic is from the east when it prevails.

We were looking forward to a long stretch of shallow coastal waters along which we could land easily on sandy beaches. The distance was about 25 nautical miles, a reasonable distance for resolving any problems with the kayaks, and in which to become accustomed to the paddling routines.

After sailing about five miles, I became chilled. This is a problem sailing in the arctic summer temperatures usually in the 40's. So I dismantled the sail rig and stored it and took up paddling to warm up. The bottom over which we were travelling was shallow and sandy, except where the alluvial delta of the Salmon River extended about a mile from shore, at low tide revealing assorted rocks and sandy shoals. The Salmon River is well named because it is a good river for fishing, fed by a large lake.

As we progressed down the coast to the southwest, we reached the last point from which we could see Pond Inlet, Tunuiaqtalik Point, about twelve nautical miles away. This point is the only distinguishing mark on the southern shore of Eclipse Sound. Looking north, we could easily distinguish the peaks and glaciers on Bylot Island, especially the Sermilik and Kaparqtalik Claciers. Bylot was easily visible from twenty nautical miles because of the clarity of the arctic air. Bylot Island is a very dramatic sight, with mountains over a mile high. Often we could see snow falling on its peaks, or a storm raging with all its levels and types of clouds, while where we were was unaffected

Although it was a dreary day, we were not worried about being



beset by high winds. Judging from the presence of the lenticular clouds, actually cumulus clouds distorted at high altitudes by powerful winds, we were probably on the outer edge of a low pressure system to the east of us.

We pulled into shore for the evening behind a cluster of melting grounded ice pans which covered the harbor, leaving but one access to the shore. This was pan ice left over from last winter, melted into the state called brash ice. Brash ice is highly crystaline, loosely structured, very weak, about eight feet thick, mainly fresh water, and severely undercut at the waterline. Thus it is constantly collapsing and rolling over if it is not grounded in shallows. It cannot be landed on either by running the kayak up onto it, or by stepping out onto it, it would crumble under such impact.

We carefully chose a campsite with the bears in mind, but I would have preferred to have camped elsewhere where access to the water was not so limited by the ice and where polar bears would not be so easily hidden from view. Not only is ice white, but so are polar bears. My friends cooked over a driftwood fire of old planks and I cooked on my trusty Svea stove. Never have I had a problem with my Svea that I couldn't resolve. I like simple, straightforward equipment, especially a stove. The Optimus. Primus and Svea have been around a very long time. Shackleton used one, so did Nansen, as did others in the late 1800's.

Water is everywhere in this area of the arctic. Even though the annual rainfall is only 15 inches, the ground is frozen just a short distance beneath the surface and the evaporation rate is very low. One finds oneself becoming quite adept at bog hopping and the higher you go the wetter it seems to become, so much so that waterfalls will originate at the 2,000 foot apex of many escarpments, even on a narrow peninsula. The aquifiers must be in the upended strata, similar to the Green Mountains in Vermont, where in August it will still be muddy on the high ground and dry as a bone on the valley floor. I found myself now on Baffin Island perpetually trying to dry out my sort of waterproof shoes, but surviving adequately with somewhat dry feet because I was experimenting with Gore-Tex socks. I had chosen them with a "nothing ventured, nothing gained" outlook.

We spent a lovely evening gathering local wild edibles, cooking and eating them. We had a salad of leaves of a plant from the dock family, they were round, very tender, dark green, with an especially high vitamin A content. Again we enjoyed mushrooms. Some of those I picked I saved to go with my breakfast eggs. I found

the powdered eggs were tasty mornings and provided completely balanced protein. If I had been concerned over cholesterol I would have had to found a comparable substitute without it, as insufficient protein in my breakfast soon catches up with me.

We cached our food away from the boats and our tents and turned in for the evening at about 10 p.m. We found ourselves adhering to a schedule of retiring about 10 p.m. and arising about 8 a.m., although the sun never really set at this time of the year. The light was sufficient throughout the night in early August for travel, an important aspect because if we had inclement weather, conditions were often calmer during these nights.

Our first day of paddling had been the most monotonous because conditions had not been challenging and the scenery had been the low profile flat beaches or too distant to excite one's interest. But we knew that the paddling would soon enough become more exciting as we could envision from studying the topographic maps of the fjords and islands we would soon be encounter-

The next day we had stronger, more threatening winds from the east, about twenty knots, but the sun was out. I paddled close to the shore to minimize any potential problems which might arise from this wind. I really don't like rusty hairpins. My conservative approach included suggesting that we all stay close together in a single group as well. With the shore now to our east the wind was an offshore one and should we have a capsize and a boat that blew away from us, it could mean big trouble. I was pleased as the day went on that we did not have to risk any greater exposure in these conditions. It was interesting to notice that the waves were much smaller in this colder water for the amount of wind blowing, due to the much greater density of the cold water. Water temperatures range within only five degrees of freezing throughout the year in this area.

By the end of our paddling day, the effects of the cold water running down the paddle shafts of my companions, who did not have drip rings fitted, made paddling a wet, cold ordeal for them. We should have invented something to solve this, even a piece of line tied around the shafts would detour much of the water. So we cut short the day and found a campsite on a rocky shore behind some more chunks of brash ice. The bustle of setting up camp and getting a fire going soon brought a hot soup appetizer which rescued us from our discomforts. Again we were warm and relaxed. We knew that if the wind subsided, we could make our crossing of Oliver Sound the next

day, our third.



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On our third morning we could sec Emerson Island in the fore-ground with Cape Hatt, Curry Island and possibly other islands. one behind another. They looked like an oriental watercolor, each one lighter and lighter shades of brownish blue, finally becoming so pale in the distance that the opposite western shore of Eclipse Sound, about fifty miles away, was almost invisible. A continuing delight was the remarkable clarity of the arctic atmosphere which permitted such long vistas. To our southwest was a grand cliff face towering 3,000 feet in one sheer vertical rise, called Worbignaluk Headland.

From what we could see as we looked to our south down Oliver Sound, we could see that there were many other cliff faces lining both sides, making it appear that Oliver Sound had been cut out just as one cuts out a piece of cheese from a wheel. We felt very small for indeed we were when next to the scale of these escarpments. We realized that we were about to enter a much more challenging kayaking environment, one in which we would not have landing places continuously available to us.

This was a situation where we appreciated having good equipment and being associated with a group including some double kayaks. Here we would have to be much more aware of weather and water conditions and of our fellow paddlers' capabilities. Local people had warned us not to cross Oliver Sound unless the weather was good and the wind was not blowing, because the four mile crossing could be very rough in foul weather and there would be no emergency landing at the base of Worbignaluk lleadland or at the foot of the sheer cliff faces and talus slopes on Emerson Island.

We had no definite knowledge of where we might land on the far side, much less if we could find an area large enough to camp on, but we concluded from the topo maps that the river and stream entrances might be useable. Conditions were promising for the crossing on this third morning, so we went for it. When we neared the western shore, we noticed that conditions were worse than they had been when we started. We found no shelter immediately and paddled another three miles beyond Worbignaluk Headland before we finally found a place to land at the mouth of a stream.

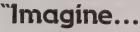
Here we found what were probably the remains of a fish weir for char. The map showed that this stream was fed from a lake, in which char would live part of the year. The weir remains were an extensive semi-circle of rocks, about a 100 foot radius, encompassing all but a narrow midsection of the stream's mouth. On the western shore of the stream we found an extensive array of dwelling remains, recent stone circles which had held down the walls of hide tents. The age of these circles could be estimated by noting the amount of lichen growth upon the stones. Some of the cirles had hearth remains in them, others were key shaped, having clearly defined entrances. Others were combinations of intersecting cir-

More fascinating yet were the remains of single and double level sod and whalebone framed houses dug into the stream banking. These were not nearly so common a find as are the tent rings. These dwellings were tiny but intricate in comparison to the tent rings, suggesting that this place must have always been a good one for fishing.

We gazed across the channel at the gray cliffs of Emerson Island and to our left and right we saw miles of similar cliffs. Our guess from the map that this direction past the headland was the right one, based on the location of the stream, had been the right one. There could have been a waterfall off a low cliff at the stream's mouth, too small to be noted on the topo map, but too large for us to have surmounted for a campsite.

After making camp, we found an acid peat bog nearby with blueberries, more mushrooms, and a rather woody herbal plant called ledum, from which we made a rather resinous tea smelling somewhat like eucalyptus. We enjoyed another nice dinner complete with soup and topped off with several cups of the herbal tea. Then we let the fire die and watched the evening close in behind far off Bylot Island, actually just a touch of twilight as the sun slipped momentarily behind the raised horizon of that island.

(To Be Continued)



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BREWER YACHT YARD

I'd like to tell you about the boat we've just launched and the apprentice program at Brewer Yacht Yard in Greenport, New York. In February, 1988, I was introduced to the manager of Brewer Yacht Yard, Mike Acebo. Mike was one of Lance Lee's apprentices in the '70's, and hasn't lost touch with wooden boats even though he now runs a yard which stores predominently glass boats. When I expressed an interest in building boats, he was receptive but said it wouldn't be profitable if he had to pay me full wages. Instead, he developed an apprentice program in which I would be paid a lower wage for three days each week while building a boat, and a higher wage for the other two days doing yard work.

It was a really informal arrangement and I think neither of us knew what to expect. On April 4th I reported for the first day of my apprenticeship. With three other carpenters already at work in the three bench shop, my first job was to clear an area in one of the storage sheds and build a proper planking bench. At first I resented my isolation, thinking how much better it would be to have a bench side by side with the veterans, but in time I grew to appreciate my 13' bench and the voluminous lockers beneath it. As a final step before building a boat, it was necessary to build a lofting board.

Mike decided that my first boat would be a 16' garvey which he had designed and built for use as a yard boat at another location. The choice was made because this boat would not only be simple to build, but functional as well. While lofting of a flat bottomed garvey is not that challenging, it was thrilling to be finally fairing lines after having read about it for years. With Mike and the other carpenters nearby, any problem which came up in the lofting and subsequent building were readily solved.

I continued working, dividing my time between boat and vard until finally by midsummer the gar-

vey was completed. Outfitted with a used 25hp motor, she has served admirably as a second yard boat. Without any pause, Mike decided I should build another boat.

The plans for this next boat first appeared in "The Rudder" in a series of "How-To-Build" arti-Designed by Charles cles. Mower, "Petrel" is a 19' round-bottomed centerboard knockabout The construction of this sloon. carvel planked boat was much more involved than the plywood planked garvey, but I found it more satisfying also. The photo shows the "Petrel" launched on September 16th. We've had her out in company with a Rhodes 19 and, while the Rhodes is faster to windward, the "Petrel" really shows her stuff off the wind and wins handily.

"Petrel" hasn't been sold vet. but we haven't advertised her yet, either, hoping to sell her locally by word of mouth. The asking price of \$15,000 sounds like a lot of money, but it's really not much when you consider it includes a year of labor and the finest materi-

als throughout.

If we had not received a commission for another boat after finishing "Petrel", and with her as yet unsold, the apprentice program was to go on hold. But we did receive a commission to build a Simmons Sea Skiff from a local buyer. Hopefully this will lead to more orders in the future.

It is my belief that this sort apprenticeship program might work in some other boat yards willing to carry the cost of a spec boat. Such a boatbuilding project seems to bolster the spirits in a boatyard and attracts interested onlookers who might include potential new customers. While the Simmons Sea Skiff is only our first order resulting from this effort to date, we have acquired several wooden boat customers as a result of local publicity about our apprentice program. One of our newest customers brought us his Malabar X.

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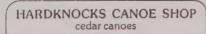
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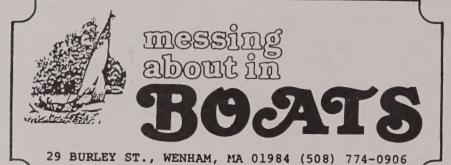
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